

DISTORTED VIEWPOINT

SKATEZINE

#3

RIPPERSHIRE DITCH

ANOTHER TALE FROM
RATHEAD SKATER

SOUNDS OF PLEASANT
HARMONY?

NO PRO ISSUE

MORE STUFF FROM LA.

LOCAL CHAOS PICS
(MICHIGAN)

SEVERE HEAD INJURY PICS
(MISSISSIPPI)

EVEN STUFF ON
CONROE

BROKEN BOARDS

NINETY

CONROE
TEXAS



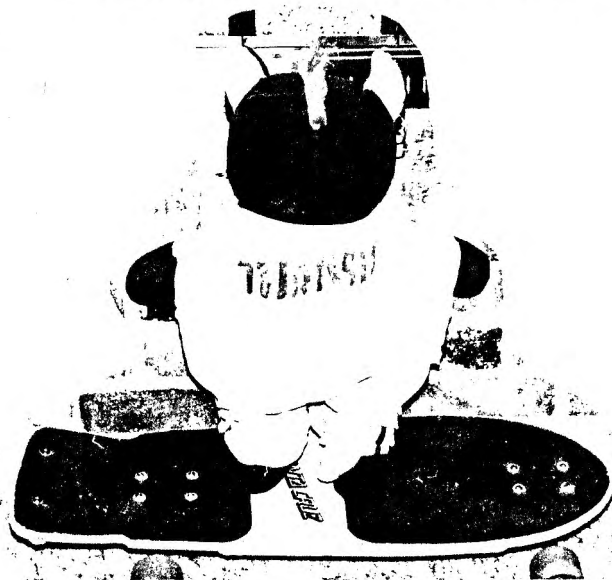
DISTORTED VIEWPOINT

#3

In an effort to become more diversified, the D.V. has changed it's format. We are now in search of a larger stapler to accomodate this change. Winter has arrived and skating has been restricted, so we put in some other enjoyable items. A nice long story, restraunt reviews, black and white color photographs, and new tricks. In addition to these wonderful items we now have a column by Woodstock. Sooooo, sit back, take your shoes off and enjoy.

THE D.V. FASHION SHOW

Here we have Thrasher Bear in a warm winter grey t-shirt, matching baggies, festive blue Mohawk, rip in the neck body and a large ear-ring. My, what an ensemble !



We also have a rare photo of Punk-Baby. Punk is wearing no pants and hides behind speakers. He sports an old shirt supplied by the house of Thomas, Go skate button, somebody else's shades, and hairstyle courtesy Big Shaver and Marks-a-lot. Now there's a guy with fashion courage.

TRIVIA

Here's some garb for you trivia buffs. Remember the old days when this trash was true? Remember when you said the last item. We got this stuff out of some skateboard book published in '77.

Drop in on this! 6' of vert and no flat.



5e Mickey McDowell works out on the plywood half-pipe at the Paved Wave in Ocean, N.J. Photo by Howard Slater

HALF-PIPES—Literally a half-pipe with no flat spot. Length and diameter are variable, 22 feet in diameter being a sufficient challenge for just about everyone. Some half-pipes go slightly beyond vertical.

Cutting the oping with an axle-grinding carve.

SEND
ANYTHING

DISTORTED VIEWPOINT
1. LANGLELOT LANE
LONGROE, TX. 77304

WRITE US!

SUICIDAL MISTFITS

TUNESTUNESTUNEST

'Tunes is small this time because I didn't buy any records. Instead I have direct quotes concerning music from Mike Reese over in Slidell, La.

* Look for Youth Brigade every song I've ever heard by them is primo great skate music.

* Stains so excellent

* Thrasher Skate Rock 2 has some great skate songs

* The Ramones Too Tough To Die has some thrash songs on it, I'm talking rad

* There are some cool skate bands here in La. No More Fun from Baton Rouge is great. The whole band is just SKATE. Graveyard Rodeo from N.O. is coming out on vinyl soon, a good thrashable band. No Rules is a ? as far as recordings go but it is supposedly in the works. The last show I saw was the Offenders, Not For Sale, Graveyard Rodeo, and No More Fun. It was hot and I got kicked out in the middle of the third band but I snuck back in for the Offenders

*We have five haliers here now. The scene is growing but there's no real unity here. Just the same folks at the same ramps. A couple of guys with new boards but no hardcore skateers just wannabees, maybe they'll start doing something I don't know.

Skate Hard,
Michael

Memories of YASTER SUMMER

inaugurate the summer season.

More locals gravitate to the seawall, where small groups regularly stake out their own turf to watch and whistle at the procession of

beautiful bodies that float by on skates, bicycles and

For all the amusement the beach offers, no beach story would be complete without a look at the risky side. Aside

Hey Fell
Tent
1200

The Accumulated Philosophies of Life

1. ~~One day in the future the world will be full of Donna's so everyone can have someone to have 'fun' with.~~
One day in the future the world will be full of Donna's so everyone can have someone to have 'fun' with.
-Ken Boyer
2. Our galaxy is a giant flourine atom. A flourine atom has nine electrons which circle about a nucleus. Our nucleus is a giant sun and the nine planets around it like electrons. Our galaxy is part of compound of which we do not know the exact composition. Our flourine is but a part of this compound. - John Bruce
3. Life is important. Suicide is a cop out. Quitting school is too. I don't want to be poor. I'm going to college and get a job someday. I don't want a job now. Life is better when you don't have any commitments to dictate your time. Except for girls. Girls are good commitments, well, o.k.. Skating is important but people skate for different reasons so no generalization can be made.
- Rathead Skater
4. What are you some kind of wierdo? Get out of my house. Peervert!
- young irrate woman after being confronted with this question.

NARDCORE - cool compilation album of Oxnard bands. The likes of which includes: Agression, Stalag 13, Ill Repute, Dr. Know, Scared Straight, Rat Pack, A.F.U., Rkl, False Confessions, Habeas Corpus, The Rotters '84. The Rotters are hot. Scared Straight has the best lyrics I've ever heard, with Habeas Corpus right behind. All songs thrash. Woodstock got the album from some Thrasher deal. You can write Mystic Records. They've got a lot of cool stuff.

THE FOLLOWING FOOD ITEMS SHOULD BE OMITTED
FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH:

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Broussel sprouts | 6. various Chinese dishes |
| 2. meatloaf | 7. snails (escargo) |
| 3. eggplant | 8. squash |
| 4. zuchini | 9. vegetarian pizza |
| 5. liver | |

There is a video out now by Quiet Riot which features a party , Woody Allen, head bangers, and get this...Thrashers. C'mon ! no way, no possible way.

There was also a fashion show on the tube which featured beautiful betties on skateboards.

This issue is getting out of hand.

Here is a photo graph.



A no-jive jive plant on a block up at the pool.
skater- Kevin Sink

Man that's a stupid name!for a trick!

Photo by Bob Stock

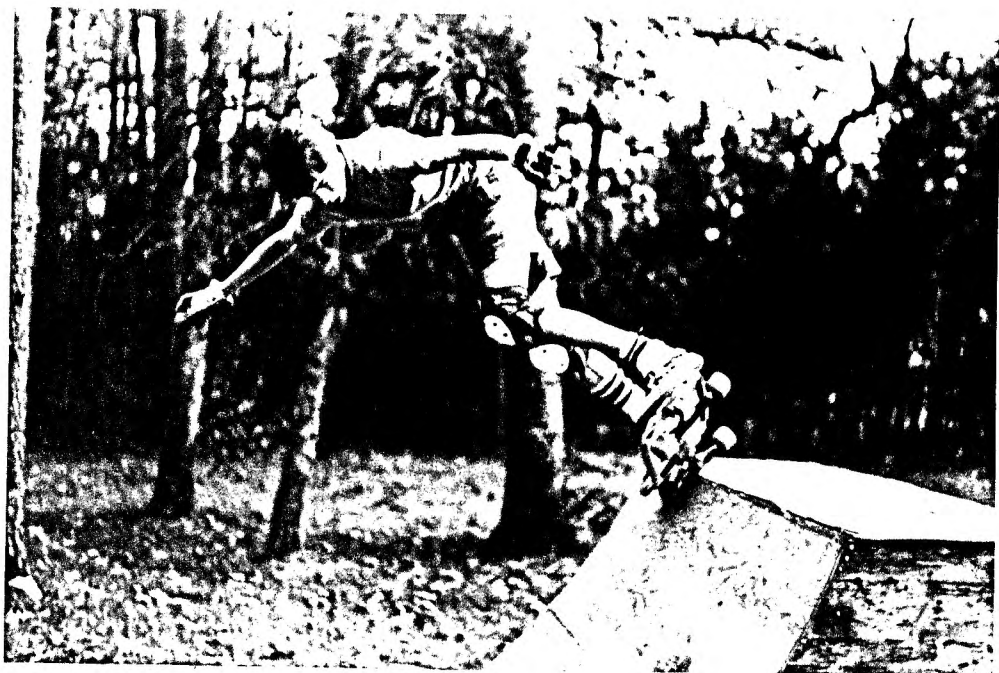


Uh, well, uh. Here's some pics of a small session at the Rippershire ditch. If you could call anybody a R shire ditch local it would be us, since we're about the only people to skate it. It's a cool ditch but I guess everyone else is too lame to session here once in a while. We've got p-block, and extensions and its soooooo fun. Anyhow, Come skate the ditch, or..... ELSE!



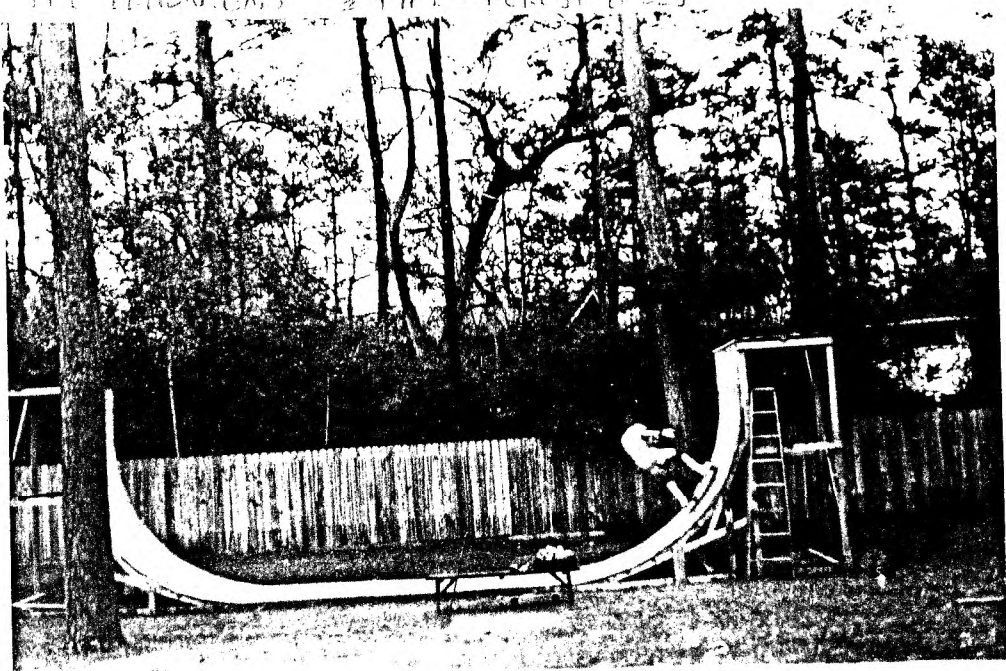
WOODSTOCKLESS
KID SKATE A SLIDE

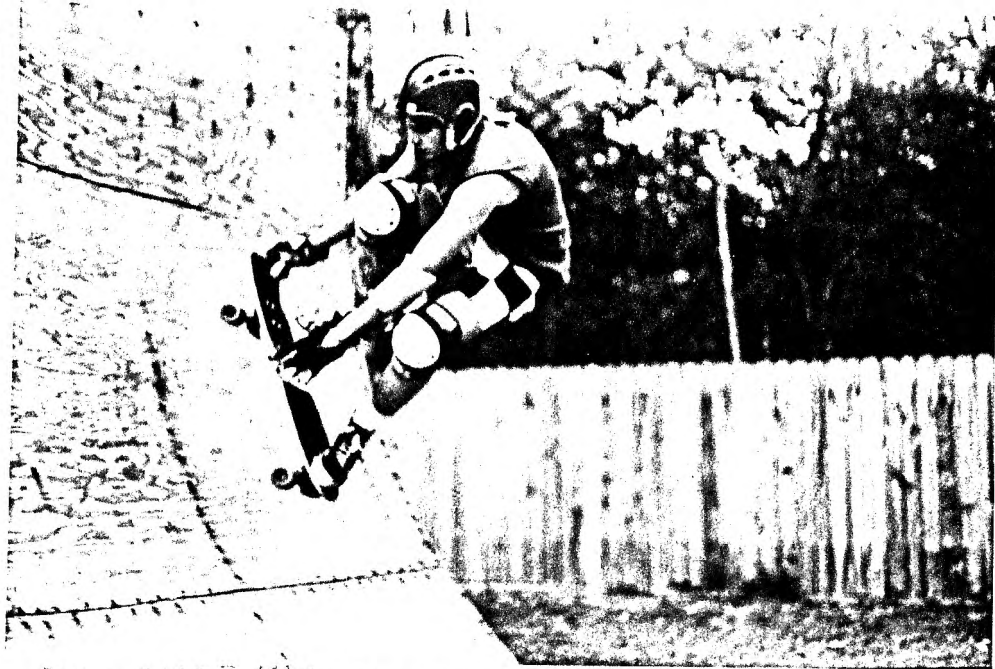




A GRINDING MIKE EDMONSON ↑

THE EDMONSONS' ½ PIPE - FOREST HILLS

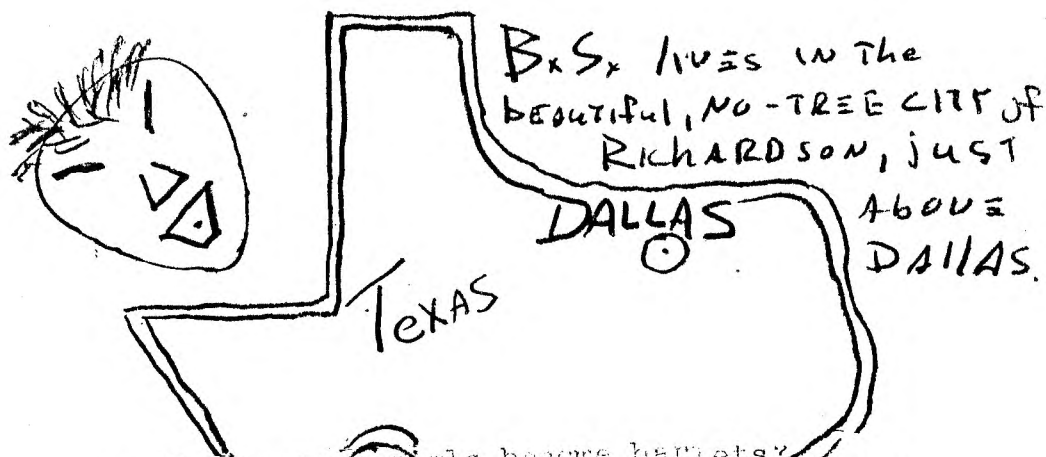




FALL FOOTPLAT - KEVIN SINK - FADLUSON'S RAMP

LOCATION





Q: Why do some girls become harlots?

a: I believe that they need to feel needed and for some of them that's the only way. That's my psychological analysis.

Q: What are your favorite bands?

a: My favorite hardcore bands are Social Distortion, Suicidal, and Black Flag. I also like a lot of nonhardcore stuff.

Q: What comment do you hate that the public makes about skating?

a: I hate it when people say its for little kids. Most of the public is ignorant of real skateboarding.

Q: Remember when we used to spit on each others shoes? I think it was a game but but I don't remember how someone won. The last time we did it was right before the bell when I coughed up mucus to destroy the world.

a: Ya, I remember that. I don't know. I think we were all mentally disturbed in Jr. High. That was really rude.

Q: Was it you that flushed your head in the toilet at Tiki?

a: ***** censored to retain Brad's reputation.*

Q: What is the capitol of North Dakota?

a: Bismarck. I had to look it up in the atlas.

Q: Why wouldn't you want to live in N. Dakota?

a: Because I 've never met anyone from there.

Q: and never heard of anything coming out of there. I don't mean to offend anyone.

Q: What makes a trick rad?

a: If it makes peoplegaze and stare in awe, its a rad trick.

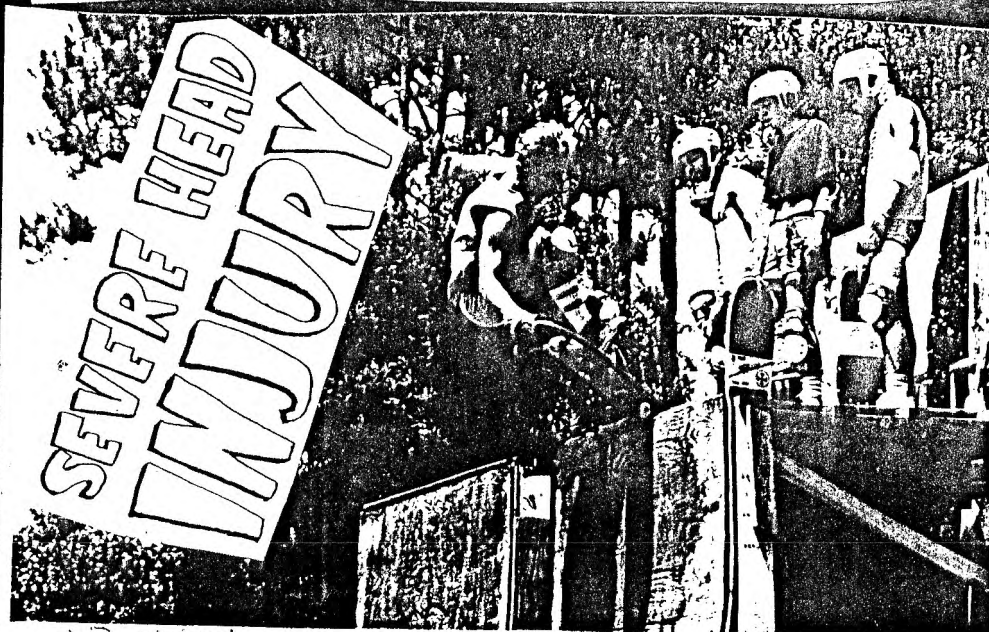
Q: What time is it.

a: It's 3:10 P.M. central time.

Here we have cool pics from Buckit and
Severe Head Injury over in Mississippi.
Thanks dudes.

and to Johnny, Saat,
Bruno D. Goon, Stag, E. Dive
Bailer, Maxwell Smart,
S. Reveng and Monk Fish.

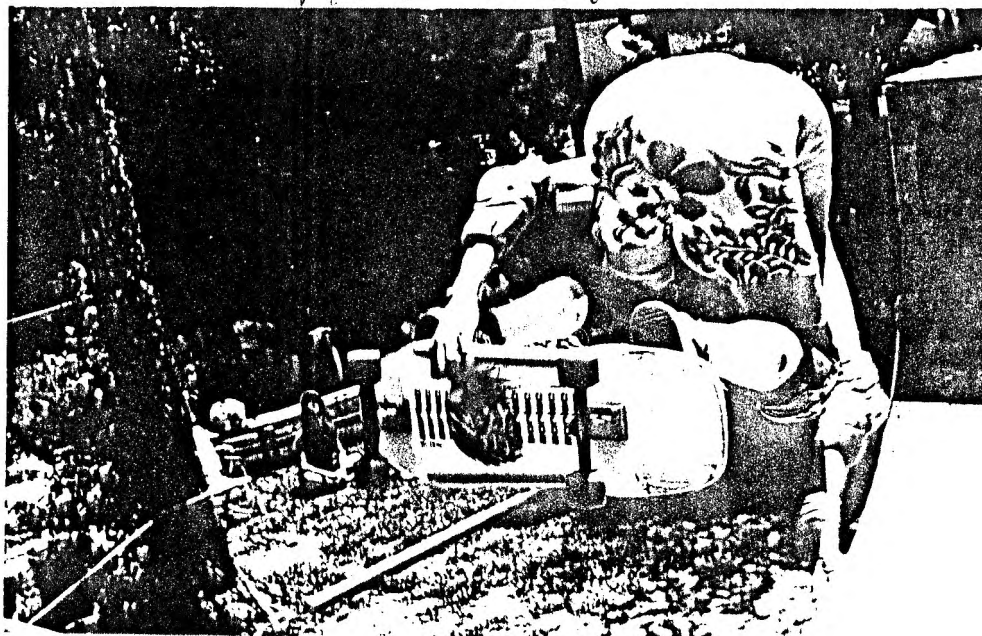
Severe Head Injury
1608 Pat Drive
Gautier, Ms. 39553

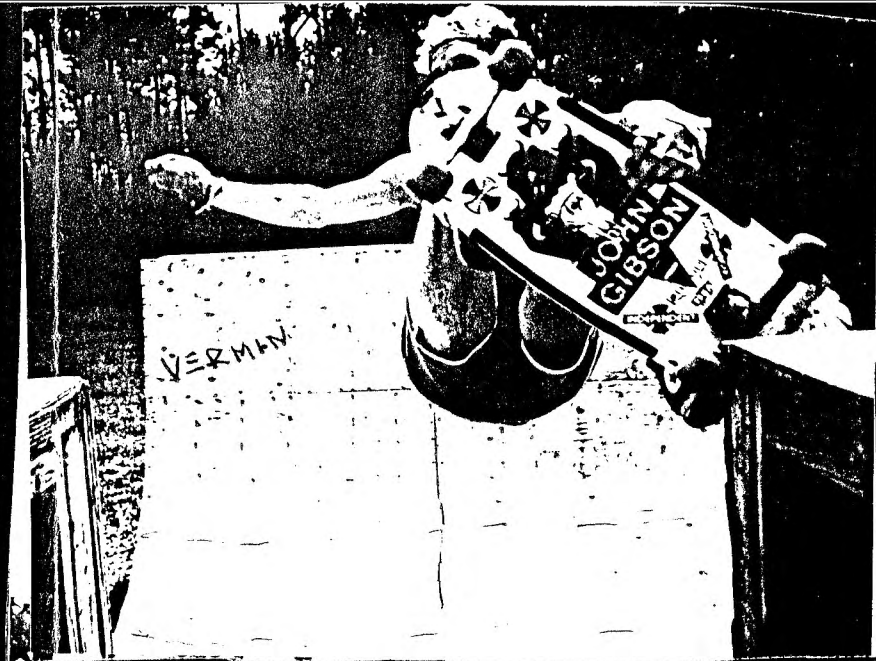


↑ BUCKIT ↓

V L W - 3 KCHN ↓

SWT 84





ZAAT

Vancouver
Ramp
JCE's



WhaaZAAT?
I said, the Zaat page 'cause
we got cool pics of him.

Zaat at Donny's in O.
Springs '83

LA. ~~SL~~ SLidell
SKANK

Hi - lo! D.T. here with an update on the Slidell skate scene. It's really picked up lately. We've got a skate shop now. It's located in the Windsurf shop. They are real cool and are going to help us a contest in a couple of months.

Now about ramps. Jim's ramp is rumored to be made 24' wide. The scam ramp in the woods is supposed to be better or at least smoother than Steve's. It is now 12' wide and high to low like Steve's. If you ask me, it's like skating a tight plywood ditch w/no transitions. Come on skate Jim's unless you are a real wimp.

Between weather and work, I don't get to skate much, but I'll be back for summer.

S.A.D.D.
(skaters against Duran Duran)

later,
D.T.



LIN-Z KUHN - GNAT RAMP
CNOT A SLidell Local IN MISSISSIPPI

JOIN US NOW AS WE ENTER THE DEEPEST OF
DEPTHS UNKNOWN, AND ADVENTURE UNTOLD.
JOIN US NOW IN THE...

SKATEZONE

-by RATHER

The chronological meter registered approximately 6:30. It was the time when a miniscule portion of light peered through the western skies. Soon it would be dark. The light will disappear as if someone stole it from right under your nose. You know the feeling. Well, it was about this time when I decided to go for some personal skating. I would skate but think about other things, like life, past life usually. Just reminiscing about the old day of last week or even last year. The best place for this frame of mind is up at the pool. No, the pool isn't drained. In this vicinity of the United States of America pools are not drained. If they were, they would collapse due to the water exerted upon from without. Right next to the pool is a very large parking lot. Not one of those cheap asphalt ones that pit up in the unforgiving Texas heat. It has a smooth concrete surface, almost as smooth as a slab, but not quite. The lot is at a slant, a gradual descending angle which doesn't bother you when you attempt the return trip. On the left and right edges are parking blocks, each separated by six or seven feet of crete. As most skaters know, all parking blocks are not alike. Some have large, pleasant, stable upper regions. Others have a top consisting of only two to three inches of sliding surface. There are other differences. Some are six feet long, some only four, some between, and some smaller. Parking blocks also differ in texture. Some are wonderfully smooth and painted (usually the wide ones), some just smooth, and still others are rough and unforgiving. The ones in consideration here are about five feet long smooth but not painted and three inches of top surface.

In the extreme left of the lot, the concrete extends out making an "L" if you're at the bottom of the lot, a "7" if you're at the top. I casually stepped out of the house and dropped my board to the sidewalk before me. I started off down the walk to the street. Upon arrival at the street, I paused to put on my duct tape gloves. They had definitely seen better days. The fingers were worn through and the thumbs held on to their mates by a few measly threads. I then glanced down to my Rectors. Their glory days had also occurred previously. There

was a hole in the right cap and the remaining plastic was rough due to many falls and bails at the ditch. I pulled the straps taut and decided to get some recaps when funds are acquired. It was then that I began my journey to the sacred destination. The first leg is an upward climb to the corner where a right is immediately made. This road is asphalt and runs north-south until it curves east and back up a incline. Soon I approached another skater, rather the only other real skater in the neighborhood. He was returning from a hard session at the ditch. We stopped and conversed about the new trick that he was trying to complete. I told him what I could since I am not an expert on the tactful maneuver which he was attempting. He assured me that he would try it the way I suggested considering that I could do it and he couldn't. But as I said, I am not expert and my advice was merely a suggestion. We departed, going our separate ways. I stopped once and glanced back, envying the smooth and quiet sound of his street wheels, and then felt content with my rare, but screaming wheels. The street came to an end and I took the non-right direction of the street which I now faced. This road winds a bit and has a downhill slope.

I gave a few pushes, put my foot back on the board, and crouched down to decrease wind resistance and increase inertia. Eventually I arrived at the street which I sought. In the middle of this street there is a strip of discolored asphalt about the width of my board. I decided that this was the path to follow and tried to keep my board on the stripe. This was not particularly easy but was enjoyable and I did not stop until I came to a house which had a drive thru driveway. This route I immediately took. It was fast and the end curved up to meet the curb. This looked like a perfect launching spot. I followed my instincts and flew off the curb, landing safely a few feet out in the street. Returning to the center stripe of discolored asphalt, I saw my destination. Soon I stood at the top of this lot which we affectionately call "The Pool". The pool looks larger at this time of day, or is it this time of night? The pool is completely desolate but well lit. There are no street

lights surrounding the lot, but the lights from the road and the apartments across the way keep it well lit. I rode down and curved around the extension, basically to check out the conditions. It seemed satisfactory. Pushing back up the lot, I contemplated the next maneuver which I would perform. I decided a slide was in order and stopped at the top of the lot in a way that my board turned around automatically. I began to push down the slope, harder and faster with each new push. Arriving at the last possible spot which I could begin to slide, I crouched and slung my board out in such a way that the wheels made a harsh roaring sound. This slinging motion forced me to put my hand on the ground and become a contorted figure. We (the board and myself) slid a gratifying seven or eight feet in the sideways position.

Finally the momentum was lost and I stood back up, thrashing my board to and fro in such a way that progress was made toward my new goal, parking blocks. I stepped off the deck, leaving my right foot on the tail. Placing my left foot on the block, I lifted my board to a dizzy height, jumped to meet it and landed evenly atop the skateboard, in essence a boneless. I continued in the direction I now faced. As I approached the other side and yet another block. I crouched and planted my right hand about four feet before the structure. The skating board continued to roll and, using the tail as a lever, placed the nose on the other side, creating a rocking situation. I pulled the board back over the obstacle and under my feet. It now seemed like the time for some serious lounging around, so I rode over to my favorite block, laid on the ground, and placed my head on the block. Soon I lost contact and found myself in a relaxing daze. It was about this time that I met a strange skater. He had a hollow look about him, sort of a "Corpse In Disguise" look. He was about five foot ten with a trim outline. His shoes were checkered and patched with shoe goo and duct tape. He wore no socks and on his knees were familiar pads, looking amazingly similar to my own except for the strange gold-red color. Above the pads were long shorts, these too were ragged and made of some hideous yet fanatically hysterical material. The sleeveless shirt was faded black and on it was a faded figure. He wore wrist guards with new plexiglass suggesting that the old guards had worn through and been replaced. His hair was short and seemed to stick out in all directions. Across his face was a grin which led me to believe by finding me here. "Hey, what's your name?" inquired the skater in an innocent tone.

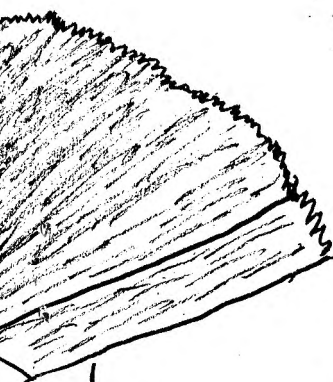
I looked up, thought for a minute and gave him an answer he accepted. There was something strange about his board. On the bottom was a drawing of a thrashing skeleton with a mohawk. I liked it and told him so. He said that it was given to him by an elderly gentleman with an Afghanistanian accent who made custom skateboards and that the one in question was the elderly gentleman's favorite thrash tool. The stranger informed me that he was called Slim. This name suited him. He definitely looked like a Slim. Slim beckoned me to follow so as to not be left out, I followed. He skated over to the fence that surrounds the pool. Quickly he climbed over, and I followed directly behind the wiry figure. My feet hit the ground on the other side. Suddenly I heard skate tunes blasting from the speakers in the four corners of the fence. The place was crowded with skate types and lusty betties. It was incredible! I rode over to the concession stand and noticed the familiar person tending it. It was an old cohort of mine whom I hadn't seen in years. No one was surprised to see me. It was like I was one of the locals. There were lots of my old friends in attendance. It reminded me of the skate park days when everyone hung out at the park. There was heavy sessioning in the pool. The skaters were performing a various array of tricks, modern tricks. I walked over to a group, and as I drew nearer, I overheard an old friend of mine telling This crowd about the incredible skating that he saw me do last week at the dinky ramp. I was amazed at the things that I, according to him, had done. Besides that I hadn't skated the dinky ramp in a couple of months or so. When I was almost at the gathering of eager listeners, my friend called me over and introduced me to these people.



FROM THE
D.V.'S HOME

VERMIN
1 LANK=LOI LANE
LONROE, TX 77304

\$31 w/o TAP



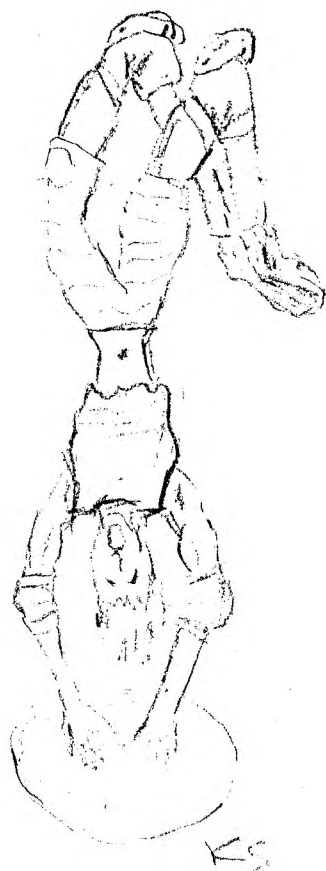
SKATEPICKS
WHEEL



It was then that I began to beouurf, and I looked about in amazement. Yes, the pool was full of skaters, the parking lot was full of cars and dotted with a few people walking and skating about. I then returned to the present and accepted the introductions. I looked down and noticed that the usual design I was used to had been replaced by a drawing that I had once done and below that was my name and the name of my favorite manufacturer. Once again I was beouurfed. Was I sponsored? The crowd beckoned me to go ride the pool and suddenly an array of cameras appeared as if a major event was going to happen. At first I hesitated, but when I stood on my board I felt a strange sensation and noticed my wheels beginning to glow. Then I accepted their beckoning, and I rode over to the coping which surrounds this pool. Already in the pool was my friend Slim. Slim was hot, real hot, and at the end of his run he rode up to me and assured me that it was alright to ride. Slim and I dropped in simultaneously, timed to perfection. The pool was huge. The surface was smooth and the corners gentle allowing for long carves. The transitions were long and drawn out but incredibly fast. This was definitely the best place I had ever skated. Slim and I were doing tricks I had never done before, but performing the so naturally. The crowd hooted and cheered with every maneuver. The noise was deafening. At the end of dual andrechts,

SKATE

Slim stepped down into the pool and walked across the flat to the drain. I watched him intently while I continued to skate about on instinct it seemed. As he arrived at the drain, he stepped into it and was sucked



in. I stopped the run and asked someone what had happened to my companion. He informed me that I was the only one in the pool. No one had ever seen Slim or what had happened to him. I was too stoked to worry about Slim.

I rode around the deep end of this glorious pool. Here I stopped momentarily to sip some liquid refreshment. I then pushed off right at the coping of the deeper portion. I felt no fear and continued up to the edge and upon arrival, completed this acid drop, straight down the six feet of vertical excitement. Adrenaline rushed through my system, and I rocketed across the flat and up the glorious transitions of the opposing wall. Once at the coping, my foot planted itself on the coping and gave a harsh push up and outward, six or seven feet into the atmosphere, and then ten feet across until I found myself back atop my skate and fully on top of a rock-n-roll slide around the curve for at least thirty feet and back into the pit. I had just completed a fastplant to rock-n-roll slide. The crowd was roaring, deafening rather. I was now in a perfect position in the pit to continue my onslaught. I had lost some speed and to build it back up I completed several rock-n-rolls and even a couple of laybacks. Having replenished my speed, I went for bio-air, first, it was a five foot frontside then a long drifting lien, followed by a high frontside twaker and the demise of this twaker, I noticed that my board no longer possessed that eerie glow but now appeared to me on fire. Not actually a flame, but more like the flame you get when you light the brut deodorant, sort of a small surface flame. I had a revived feeling and went for the most insane and impossible tricks I could think of. An andrechts sadplant in the corner, boneless to fakie, 360 air, then a one footed invert falling backwards and around so that once again I was on the board. The crowd was so loud that I couldn't hear myself think. But then again, are you supposed to hear yourself think? It was then that I noticed dropping in, in synchronization with me. The two of us rode up side by side to the other wall and did a rock-n-roll.

This we did in order for me to build up speed and for him to maintain his. Now I could feel the quintessence of skating. The two of us turned and rolled down the large transition, pushing all the way to gain speed. I began to wonder what the hell I was going to do. Everything I had done so far was on instinct, and this feeling that I now had led me to believe that the next trick would be quite extraordinary. We started up the opposing transition at mach speed crouching to go even faster. As we hit the coping, my companion went into an invert. I now had some indication of my task. I sailed upward until I was above my companion and suddenly dropped my right arm down to meet the deck of my cohort. I was atop his deck for an instant, but it seemed like an eternity. As suddenly as we began, the two of us tucked our decks and flew back down to the pool. Suddenly, all hell broke loose, and the spectators went wild as did I. The crowd jumped into the pit and hoisted me out and onto the ground. From there I was brought over to the area where the diving board once rested. In its place, was a band composed of my best friends which began to play upon my arrival. Aggression was everywhere, and it appeared to me that I was to sing. I promptly responded. We're talking about major skanking here. The tunes were fast and I could no longer withhold my primal urge. I dove into the pit of marauders, MIKE-RO-FONE and all. I closed my eyes to protect them from the flying convulsions of the pit. Uh, come'on, don't be stupid. But when I opened them I was not atop a pile of skaters nor was I on the floor which would have happened had I miscalculated the dive. No, I opened my eyes the gentle light that accompanies early morning. I was still lying against my favorite parking block at the pool. The lot was deserted, no cars, no people. I stood up and rubbed my eyes to make sure I wasn't hallucinating.

Walking over to the pool, I observed that the place which had brought me glory was full of water and no evidence existed that might lead one to believe that something, a party perhaps, had taken place. I resolved with a shrug that I must have been dreaming. Walking back over to the block that I left my deck at, I noticed something different. The graphics which I expected had been replaced by a marred painting of a skeleton with a mo-hawk.



SKARED STRAIGHT



Conroe Skate Scene

With only minor scoping, an adequate skate area can be found. Here in Conroe, skaters are rarely seen in public, but with an area w mapthere of rad spots (ramp, ditch, etc.) to be found. Total reorganization of the scene has occurred in the past few weeks. Old ramps are being taken down while others are just being built. One ramp was heard to be stolen. It's new location is still unknown. A new ramp is under construction . It is being built by the staff of D.V. It will be the largest in Conroe, and it will undergo expansion when coin is acquired.

Here are a few pics from a couple of Conroe's locals.

Woodstock





The 3rd...
 3rd...
 Taken down to
 Build...
 KID... RAN

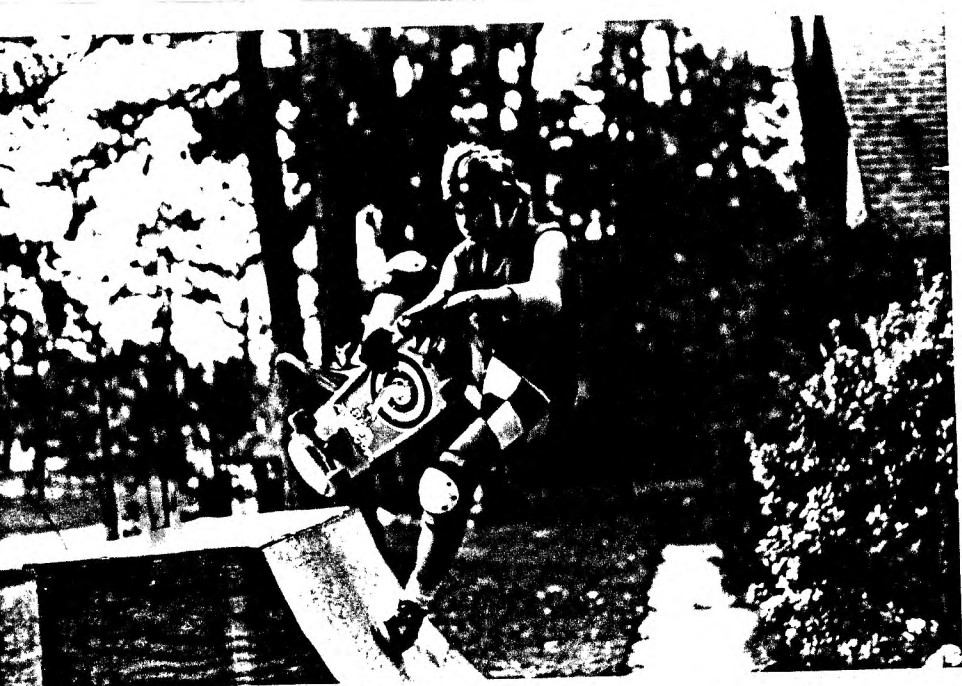
ACTION!

**CORP
 IN
 DISGUISE**

Woodstock tests
 possible coping...
 a new comp...

1/1/74





SWEeper - KEVIN SINK

MIKE EDMUNSON'S
3-FLOOR QUARER-PIPE



SWEeper
DROP-IN - SAME DUDE





LET'S TALK WITH B.S. ? AN INTERVIEW WITH BRAD SHEEHAN OF DALLAS, TEXAS

Q: Where do you skate?

a: I usually skate on the street and on our little street ramp. I occasionally go to Clown Ramp, but it's always crowded.

Q: What do you think of the thrashpot?

a: Thrashpot is pretty cool, but it's really small.

Q: Why is Dallas full of hot skaters?

a: I really don't know. Maybe it's because it's so metropolitan.

Q: What is the most insane ramp in the world?

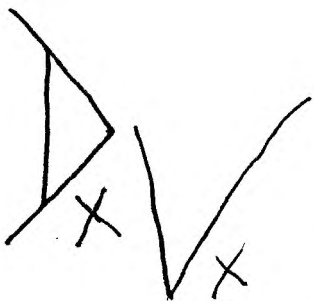
a: That's a tough question. I haven't seen that much of the world's ramps, but I think the Mt. Trashmore ramp looks pretty insane.

Q: Why aren't there any trees in Richardson?

a: I think it's because this all used to be some farmer's pasture. It really bugs me because I like trees.

Q: Give us a brief account of your skating life.

a: Well, I've always had a skateboard since I can remember. When I was ten I went to a park in Florida and thought it was totally happening. Then I moved to Slidell, La. and me and Harwell, D.T., and Maxwell used to skate. Then we all got into B.M.X. You remember the phase. I kinda lost interest and sold my board. Then you bought that Santa Cruz, and I got interested again.



SURF HOUSE

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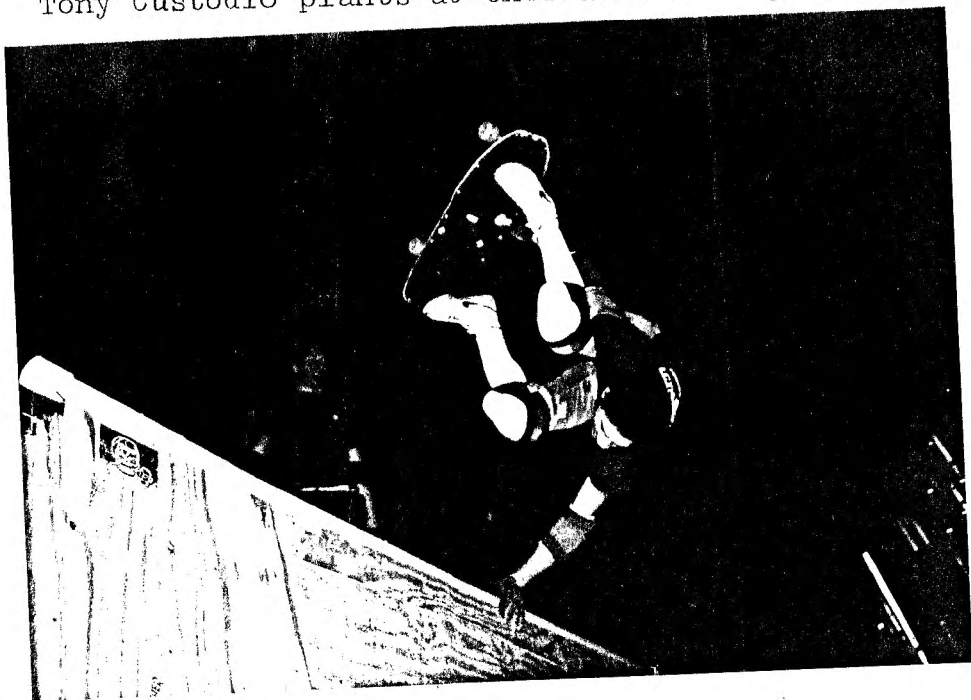
Join us now as we travel to the lost world of Saywhat. It's a hostile world of BMXers and very fat nymphs. Many skaters have lost trying to skate the sacred pools of this land. Over in the jungle one can hear the screams of captured skaters suffering the dreaded Punta torture. Down the street is a gang of bikers riding over poor souls. You can smell the stench of the packing plants. Only a few skaters have lived to tell about this place. Most are accosted by the police who patrol the area day and night. Someone please save me ! Oh, no it's the bikers! But it was too late. I must be dreaming.



Wes tailin' at Marky's

Here we have some pics from Wes up in Ypsilanti, Michigan. They've got a ramp in a barn. Insane. They've got that thar Endless Summer Park too. Cool skating for the land of snow and such. Wes runs the Local Chaos rag, write him up.

Tony Custodio plants at the Davison Ramp. (barn)



Flips at Endless Summer.



IT DOESN'T HURT ANY MORE
IT DOESN'T HURT TO SLAM THE DOOR
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND
TO PUT MYSELF IN THIS FRAME OF MIND?

WHAT AM I? AM I HERE?
LOCKED IN A WORLD FULL OF FEAR
IF I'M NOT HERE, AM I THERE?
LEAVE ME ALONE, I JUST DON'T CARE!

IT DOESN'T HURT ANYMORE
IT DOESN'T HURT TO JOIN THIS CORPS
IT'S A WORLD OF ANOTHER KIND,
JOIN ME IN THIS FRAME OF MIND.

Local CHAOS
104 VALLEY DR.
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Severe Head Injury
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50¢

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Pat
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Skater of Fortune
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San Jose, Ca. 95120
50¢ ppd



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UNITED SKATES
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Speeded Zine
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NULL AND VOID
P.O. BOX 24002
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70184
stamps

to the staff of the URBAN UNDERGROUND...
Send me some kind of address to communicate
with. The U.U. is one of the best rags around
and most probably the longest. The only other
issue I have is an ancient one. Let the world
or at least let me know where to get some more.
-Thanks

***** NAUGASCAM *****

It has come to the attention of the D.V., that
there is a horrible occurrence in the great
vastness of west Texas. We recently sent under-
cover reporter Rathead Skater to investigate.
Naugas are small mink like creatures that
reside in the bases of peyote cactuses. Millions
of Naugas are being slain illegally. Their hides
are used to make furniture and clothing. It's
time to take a stand to stop this murderous
slaying of the nauga.

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Tell 'em
The D.V.
Dudes sent
You

THRU' THE VINES

A lot has happened since we started this ish. It is no longer winter and Spring is in the air. We have been saving up for months to build an excellent ramp and construxion began not long ago. It'll be 12' wide (20' possibly this summer)

9' trans

12' flat

complete decks with benches and rails
stairs

By the time you read this we'll be skating.

Anarchy skate signs are everywhere. On the old funky looking building by the interstate (just past Gladstell) is a renegade An r k sk8. Vermin stickers gleefully adorn the halls of good ole Conroe High. Get some from a supplier and plaster.

The coolest band is SCARED STRAIGHT. Skate tunes for the huddled masses. They're out in Oxnard, Ca.

School is almost out and I'm going to have to get a job. But not after a major Southwest and Gulf Coast Skate trip. Maybe I'll work and then go on the safari. Anyhow I'm goin'.

The Stop - n - Go is open by the ditch and the new ramp so now **you can** refresh yourself after a hot session.

EZ-7 is the most insane yet excellent ditch in the vicinity. There's always someone there and its so expendable. You can really flex your head.

If you skate and destroy, what's left to skate?

- Al Carter
from S. Carolina

That seems to be the scene for now 'cept what we haven't talked about. Write us some letters. Until it stops raining,

Kev

Deared Stiff is no more 'cause
he moved to Georgia but he's
still FIN'L WORKING... Starting a new mag.

In a recent session of the ditch, I broke
the new koskepp that I got for X-Mas. I'll
have to finish my new Vermin.

We have finished the transitions and flat of
our new ramp. It should be complete in two or
3 weeks.

and now a word of thanks;;;... thanks

Thanks go to...

Rivershire folks for letting us put up the
ramp.

Kennedy Office Supply for all their help
and for contributions from

Buckit S.H.I.

Les Local Chaos

Mike Reese and D.T. of Slidell, La.

Mikey Edmonson

All the real skaters

whoever built Rippshire ditch and EZ-7

Brad Sheehan

no thanks at all to people with closed minds
and poseurs and lame people in general.

Barry Gross is the most obnoxious person I've
come in contact with.

unite us or I hope your dog dies

to print only personal opinion. This magazine
is in no way intended as libel against anyone
or any organization.

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